

The history

Witnesse the proceffe of your speech: wherein  
You told how *Dyomed* a whole weeke by daies,  
Did haunt you in the field.

*Ane.* Health to you valiant sir,  
During all question of the gentle truce:  
But when I meete you arm'd, as black defiance,  
As heart can thinke or courage execute.

*Diom.* The one and other *Diomed* embraces,  
Our blouds are now in calme, and so long helth:  
Lul'd when contention, and occasion meete,  
By *Ioue* ile play the hunter for thy life,  
With all my force, pursuite, and pollicy.

*Ane.* And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flie,  
With his face back-ward, in humane gentleness:  
Welcome to Troy, now by *Anchises* life,  
Welcome indeed: by *Venus* hand I swere:  
No man aliuie can loue in such a sort,  
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

*Diom.* We sympathize, *Ioue* let *Aeneas* liue  
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)  
A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,  
But in mine emulous honor let him die:

With euery ioynt a wound and that to morrow-----  
*Ane.* We know each other well?  
*Diom.* We do and long to know each other worse.  
*Par.* This is the most despightfull gentle greeting,  
The noblest hatefull loue that ere I heard of, what businesse  
Lord so earely?

*Ane.* I was sent for to the King? but why I know not.

*Par.* His purpose meetes you? twas to bring this Greeke,  
To *Calcho's* house, and there to render him:  
For the enfried *Anthenor* the faire *Cressid*,  
Lets haue your company, or if you please,  
Hast there before vs, I constantly beleue,  
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)  
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night,  
Rouse him and giue him note of our approach,  
With the whole quality wherefore:

I feare

of *Troilus* and *Cresseida*.

I feare we shall be much vnwelcome.

*Aeneas.* That I assure you: *Troilus* had rather Troy were  
borne to Greece, then *Cresseid* borne from Troy.

*Paris.* There is no helpe.  
The bitter disposition of the time will haue it so:  
On Lord, wee le follow you.

*Aeneas.* Good morrow all.  
*Paris.* And tell me noble *Diomed*, faith tell me true,

Euen in soule of sound good fellowship,  
Who in your thoughts, deserues faire *Helen* best,  
My selfe, or *Menelaus*.

*Diom.* Both alike.  
Hee merits well to haue her that doth seeke her,  
Not making any scruple of her soyle,  
With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.  
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,  
Not pallating the taste of her dishonour  
With such a costly losse of wealth and friends,  
He like a puling Cuckold would drinke vp,  
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:  
You like a lecher out of whorish loynes,  
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors,  
Both merits poyzd, each weighs nor lesse nor more,  
But he as he, the heauier for a whore.

*Paris.* You are too bitter to your country-woman.

*Diom.* Shees bitter to her country, heare me *Paris*,  
For euery faise drop in her bawdy veines,  
A Grecians life hath sunke: for euery scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion waight,  
A Trojan hath beene slaine. Since she could speake,  
Shee hath not giuen so many good words breath,  
As for her Greekes and Troyans suffred death.

*Paris.* Faire *Diomed* you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that they desire to buy,  
But we in silerice hold this vertue well,  
Wee le not commend, what wee intend to sell. Heere lyes  
our way. *Exeunt.* Enter *Troilus* and *Cresseida*.

*Troy.* Deere, trouble not your selfe, the morne is colde,

H

*Cres.*